

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 18, NO. 18

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## West Virginia University.

Marlinton, W. Va.  
The summer quarter begins July 1. Fall  
quarter October 1. Winter quarter  
January 1. Spring quarter April 1.

Faculty 150 professors and lecturers, 60  
building 1500 students last year, besides 113  
students by correspondence.

Colleges: Arts, Science, Engineering  
and Music Arts. Law and Agriculture  
Schools: Music, Commercial, Preparatory,  
Departments: Drawing and Design,  
Literary, Physical Training, Domestic  
Science, Veterinary Engineering,  
Philosophical, Modern Literature, Civil  
Engineering, Mechanical Engineering,  
Law, and Mathematics.

Two Year Courses (not leading to degree):  
Peninsular Law (admitting to practice),  
Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical  
Engineering, Electrical Engineering,  
Agricultural.

Special Courses in Land Surveying, Rail-  
road Engineering, Veterinary Surgery,  
Mining Engineering.

Graduate Courses, leading to the various  
Masters' degrees.

University Correspondence for those  
who cannot come to the University.

School of Music with separate building and  
six instructors.

Law School (taught thoroughly taught).  
Young Women admitted to every depart-  
ment of the University. Over 200 in  
attendance this year.

Students (1500 number) receive free  
tuition, uniforms and books.

Room and board \$3 to \$4 a week.

ADMISSION free to all. *Virginia stu-  
dents* for catalogue and full informa-  
tion write to

Dr. H. Raymond, Pres., Marlinton, W. Va.

## LAW CARDS.

N. O. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in  
the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in  
the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme  
Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Green-  
brier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt  
attention given to claims for collection  
in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given  
to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SOOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt  
attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given  
all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON FRED. WALLACE  
PRESTON & WALLACE,  
Attorneys at Law,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Green-  
brier and adjoining counties, and in  
the Court of Appeals of the State of  
West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections.

T. S. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas  
and adjoining counties.

## PHYSICIANS' CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least  
twice a year. The exact date of his  
visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every  
spring and fall. The exact date of  
each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite C. A.  
Wenger's Hotel. All calls promptly  
answered.

THE FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse  
you, 'tis true,  
Yet wildlings of Nature, I dote upon  
you.

For you wait me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me  
with daisies delight.  
And when daisies and buttercups glad-  
den'd my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into  
dreams.  
Of the blue Highland mountains and  
echoing streams,  
And birchen glades breathing their  
balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in  
sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood  
pidgeon's note,  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter  
tune,  
Than ye speak to my heart little wild-  
lings of June:  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your  
beauties to find,  
When the magic of nature first breath-  
ed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of the  
spell.

Even now what affections the violet  
awakes;

What loved little islands twice seen  
in their lakes,

Can the wild water lily restore;

What landscapes I read in the prim-  
rose's looks,

And what pictures of pebbled and  
minnowy brooks

In the vetches that tangled the shore?

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart  
ye were dear

Ere the fever of passion, orague of  
fear,

Had seathed my existence's bloom;

Once I welcome you more, in life's  
passionless stage,

With the visions of youth to revisit  
my age,

And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

XXII.

## County Sketches

### THE DEER HUNTERS.

A party of hunters came down  
out of the shelter of the trees into  
the rocky bed of Lost River.  
They had crossed over Pine Mountain,  
which separated the waters of  
Lost River and Deerlick Creek.

All around the headwaters of Deerlick  
Creek and Lost River lay an  
unbroken wilderness. The party  
was guided by Jesse Marden, a  
prosperous farmer, whose love for  
the woods caused him to steal  
away from the worries of managing  
a large farm to the rest and  
freedom from care a sojourn in the  
woods insures. Gossiping neighbors  
could not see how he could  
spare the time, and he himself felt  
that he was doing wrong to go  
hunting, but the end of the year  
always showed Marden square with  
the world, while many of his pre-  
judiced, criticizing neighbors found  
themselves negotiating loans from  
the nearest bank to make their ac-  
counts balance. This may have  
been caused by their habit of keeping  
an eye fixed on their neighbor's business and leaving but one  
for their own.

On this occasion the hunt had  
been arranged for the benefit of  
Old Man Wallace Blume. After a  
long and busy life, at the ripe age  
of 78, when he held in possession  
the richest farms in the county  
and had a host of people in debt  
to him, he was seized with the  
longing that comes to most old  
hunters to kill one more deer before  
he died. The deer had retreated  
before the crashing forests  
until a day's journey lay between  
the homes of the hunters and the  
haunts of the deer. He turned to  
Marden and together they made  
up a party of six, all of whom had  
experience in hunting deer except  
one.

Whilst it was to be Old Blume's  
last trip into the woods, to believe  
the promise he made his anxious  
wife and daughter, it was Hawley  
Seymour's first. The latter was a  
young man child who was at the  
county seat beginning the practice  
of the law and trying to get the  
hang of the thing. He was in  
that state where he spoke cheer-  
fully of the "law as a hard mis-  
tress" and dreamed of "burning  
the midnight oil," annotating the  
Code, keeping a commonplace  
book, and so forth; not having re-  
alized how difficult it was to force

things in the practice of law.

He sought the acquaintance of  
the kind-hearted Marden for the  
purpose of joining him on one of  
his periodical hunts, and while  
Marden had had sad experience  
with soft-boned civilians who were  
no sooner in the wilderness than  
they began to hanker after the  
flesh pots of Egypt and cry to be  
taken home, he promised to take  
Seymour, and sent him word to  
come when the old patriarch  
Blume, 78 years old, made up the  
party and planned the trip. Marden  
had more misgivings about  
Seymour than he had about the  
old man as to how they would enjoy  
life in the woods.

The party went horse-back ten  
miles to a place where they turned  
their horses into a meadow where  
an unfenced haystack would afford  
them sustenance in case of snow,  
and prepared for a six hours  
tramp through the woods. Blume  
in consideration of his age rode a  
sure-footed mule. The hunters  
loaded themselves and the mule  
with camp supplies and they trailed  
over Pine mountain until late  
in the afternoon they saw the wa-  
ters of Lost River glimmer through  
the trees beneath them and they  
emerged from the forest into the  
bed of the stream which formed  
the main thoroughfare of the wil-  
derness they sought. By this time  
the hunters were all confused as  
to their whereabouts, not even ex-  
cepting Marden, to whom his fel-  
lowmen turned instinctively when  
in the woods. He knew he was on  
Lost River, but whether the Shelves  
Rocks, the point they desired  
to make their camp, was up or  
down stream was more than any  
of them could determine.

"Do we go up or down, Jesse?"  
inquired Jacob Rodgers, and Marden  
was just about to say "up," when  
he noticed a blue pool be-  
side a rock and remembered there  
he had caught a big trout once  
just before he came in sight of the  
Shelves Rocks, and he said his  
reputation by saying: "Down!"  
The rocks aint over a quarter of a  
mile from here."

And so it proved. The hunters  
entered the pine thicket which  
marked the place and joyfully  
threw down the packs which had  
become so burdensome. Old  
Blume had grown fast to the saddle  
and was so set and stiff that  
he had to be lifted out bodily.  
But he was no sooner on his feet  
than he sniffed the pine-scented  
air and commenced fussing and  
ordering things around like the  
old autocrat that he was.

Marden had taken an axe-head  
out of his haversack and had soon  
fashioned a helve from a sapling.  
With this he cut poles and peeled  
from the body of large spruce trees  
great pieces of bark, which were  
better than plank for roof and  
sides of a hunter's camp. Before  
night a camp had been built fac-  
ing the rocks under the interlacing  
boughs of spruce trees. It was  
carpeted with feathery pine boughs.

A huge log fire was burning  
against the rock, the heat being  
reflected back from the wall into  
the camp which was open only in  
front, and while a November storm  
was raging outside the hunters lay  
snug and warm by the camp fire.

Seymour was literally worn out  
by the day's work and wondered  
where the sport came in. He did  
not complain, and while he did not  
know it, he was regarded with a  
great deal of favor by the older  
hunters who had seen "tenderfeet"  
whimper before they had exper-  
enced half the hardship he had end-  
ured. They had fully expected  
to see him lay down his share of  
the load and hobble along with  
sore feet, and they were agreeably  
surprised to find that he had never  
faltered. He was too tired to eat  
supper and slept a dreamless sleep

on the soft pine bed, while the  
other hunters saw that a fire of  
sugar and peach logs burned with  
a steady heat the whole of the win-  
try night.

By daylight breakfast was eaten  
and the hunters fired their guns  
and reloaded carefully, putting in  
"deer loads." It was before the  
repeating rifles had become com-  
mon, but Blume and Seymour

each had a 38 Winchester of the  
'73 model. Old Blume essayed to  
climb the mountain near camp,  
and had to give it up. As hale  
and hearty as he was, a man 78  
years old can not climb a moun-  
tain very well. He came back to  
camp early. Seymour did not  
know very well what he was look-  
ing for, and having no system in  
his work, soon got tired of it and  
drifted back to camp before he  
knew it, much to Old Blume's de-  
light for he was getting lonesome.

They kept camp together all day  
and helped the mule plentifully to  
the wild grass which grew on the  
banks of the stream.

The hunters dropped in one by  
one about dark until all were in  
except Marden. They had killed  
nothing.

Marden had loitered in likely  
looking haunts nearly the whole  
day without seeing a deer. About  
the middle of the afternoon he had  
decided to soon turn the course of  
his hunt towards the camp, when  
he saw on the edge of a laurel  
thicket a movement such as might  
be made by a bird's wing. It oc-  
curred again and cautiously chang-  
ing the point of observation caught  
the glint of the horns of a buck.  
What he had first seen was the  
deer's ear. He was so close that  
he dared not move, and he sent a  
ball towards the spot the buck's  
head should be. When the smoke  
cleared away nothing was to be  
seen. Hastily reloading, he went  
forward and looked through the  
laurel leaves and saw a fine deer  
lying dead with a bullet through  
his head. The deer was dressed  
and the feet criss-crossed so it  
could be slung on the shoulders.  
Marden made his toilsome way in  
to camp, coming into the circle of  
light with his burden, and was  
warmly welcomed by his camp-  
mates who feared they would have  
to subsist on bacon.

For several days the hunters met  
with no luck. There were signs  
that a party had been in that sec-  
tion earlier in the year with  
hounds. The deer stands were  
marked by the signs of the fires  
the standers had built to warm  
themselves on frosty mornings and  
at more than one stand remains  
of the offal of deer were to be seen  
which had been killed and dressed  
there. There were nightly indi-  
gnation meetings over the un-  
sportsmanlike acts of those who  
course deer with hounds. Nothing  
disgusts the still hunter like the  
ways of the deer chasers whose  
methods enable even the novice to  
kill a deer.

Novices luck is recognized by  
the deer chaser.

His apprehension was confirmed

when he heard the hound reach  
the river and come back up the  
mountain.

"Shot before the deer was fairly  
in the stream!" he muttered.